

The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A Gain of
36,213
PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1890.... 9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891..... 10,331,420

Total gain for
 December,
 1891..... 1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890,
 297,088.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891,
 333,271.

AVERAGE GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891,
 36,213.

INCREASE IN
ADVERTISING.
 Number of Advertisements in THE WORLD during the month of December, 1890..... 62,669
 During the month of December, 1891..... 59,014
A Gain of
6,355
Advertisements.

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the opinions or statements of any person or persons, or for the contents of any advertisement or advertisements, or for the consequences of any action taken on account of any advertisement or advertisements, or for the consequences of any action taken on account of any advertisement or advertisements.

THE IDEAL EXCISE LAW.
 An ideal Excise Law would be one which would not only be enforced, but which would be enforced in such a manner as to be a benefit to the community. It would be a law which would not only be enforced, but which would be enforced in such a manner as to be a benefit to the community. It would be a law which would not only be enforced, but which would be enforced in such a manner as to be a benefit to the community.

Such a law, in this day, to meet a strong and growing demand, found especially in the urban communities, must include a moderate Sunday closing provision. One which will allow the poor man to purchase beer for his table on the first day of the week as openly as the rich man brings on his bottle of wine.

There is no assault upon Sunday observance involved here. It is simply a question of popular and individual rights. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the druggist and other merchants do business openly, all of them, on Sunday. There is no just reason why the seller of beer should not, under certain restrictions, which he will not object, quietly and lawfully deal out his goods that day to the people to whom the beer is as much a regular part of the household provision as is beefsteak or a loaf of bread.

fore being used. In the Jacksonville case yesterday the weather, perhaps, had something to do with the break, the night having been the coldest of the season.

The failure of the Republican National Committee to settle for services rendered was one of the alleged causes of ANNA DICKINSON'S insanity. And now it is declared that a poor Indiana photographer has gone crazy through disappointment at not being rewarded for Republican campaign service in 1888. The gratitude of the ex-Grand Old Party is conspicuous for the ways in which it isn't manifested.

Electrocution hasn't stood in the way of murder yet. Yesterday, however, it turned up as a great block to the process of getting a jury for CARLIE HARRIS. The lawmakers should realize that the "prosecution" provision of the law, as an exaggerated endeavor to secure an awful secrecy, is responsible for much of the apprehension exhibited by yesterday's candidates for the box.

A young man in jail in Brooklyn for stealing the religious books by studying which he hoped to qualify himself for the ministry. It would take a very good ending, indeed, to convince the public that such a bad beginning towards a ministerial career was justifiable. It is to be feared that the young man is not of such stuff as makes effective preachers.

LOUISE FERRILL is an orphan, but neither poor nor defenseless as long as she keeps her present good right arm. She knocked out in one-two-three order a trio of Macomb, Ill., loafers, who insulted her in the post-office of that town yesterday. Even cold type ought to jump with satisfaction in telling this little incident.

The morning despatches from the Mexican border report, as usual, that the troops have scattered GANZA'S men. Either those rebels have remarkable facilities for reassembling after one convention has been dissolved, or GANZA has a bigger lump of followers than he gets regular credit for.

An Indiana girl elopes with an old admirer on the night she was to have married a new one. Congratulations to the deserted one, who has only to mourn a departed best girl where he might, a few hours later, have had occasion to grieve for a lost wife.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has sworn off again, and has made a temperance speech at Tacoma. It is to be hoped his sober intentions will not suffer another knock-out.

Those who had to feature to port on the listed California yesterday are well satisfied that a tidal wave is not merely one of old Neptune's pleasantries.

Congress yesterday indorsed with a very marked degree of emphasis Mr. HORMAN'S "I object" to public subsidies for private business enterprises.

The "Chilian war cloud" is a haze which prevents too many people in high places from seeing the real Chilian situation as plainly as they should.

THE CLEANER
 See that Tommy Conner, the popular little runner, who went to earn fresh laurels across the sea, is laid up in the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, with a sprained ankle, the result of an accident on board the Lubina while crossing.

Members of the American Pet Dog Club are up in arms against the Westminster Kennel Club for what they deem a snub. The pet dog contingent want their pug dogs separately and distinctly at the coming dog show, whereas the Westminster Kennel Club proposes to place pug dogs in the miscellaneous class.

At its meeting yesterday the A. P. D. C. scored the W. K. C. for ignoring their proposals.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder bears such a striking resemblance to Mrs. Grover Cleveland that she is frequently mistaken for the ex-president's wife. To be started into confusion by the gaping public is to her no uncommon occurrence.

Ex-Warden Fuller, who removed from Clinton Prison was one of the features of the anti-slavery procession. He is a stout, well-dressed man, and the little village does not boast of a musician outside the prison walls. On the night of Nov. 4 last, when the news of the sweeping Democratic victory was flashed over the wires, the jubilant Democrats of the village got up an impromptu torchlight procession, only music was lacking. A committee waited upon Warden Fuller, and explaining the situation, begged that the convict band might lead their parade. The Warden was obliging; it would be contrary to discipline.

The appeals to his patriotism were too strong to be resisted, however, and finally declaring that it should never be said that he refused to participate in such a glorious victory he ordered out the band. With their stripes coiled about their waists, the torch-bearing convicts marched at the head of the shouting Democrats a torchlight procession the like of which has never been known. It might be added that the striped musicians entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and returned to their cells wishing there might be a Democratic victory every day.

Two Battles With The Grip
 Mr. Jacob Knapp, a well-known market man and dealer in choice foodstuffs, who lives in Iowa, says: "I have had the grip for two winters, and this last winter I was so badly off I could not get out and could not rest because of coughing. I took medicine from physicians here, but it did not get any relief. Having heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I took it and it helped me so much I could soon attend to my business. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel strong and well, and have a splendid appetite. Before taking it, I was a weak, nervous man, and I feel as if I were a new man."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 I wanted to sit down or lie down all the time, but now I feel as strong as ever." JACOB KNAPP, Clinton, Iowa.
 Try Hood's Pills.

CLAY IN FAIR HANDS.

American Husbands Managed by Their Home-Queens.

Symposium of Past Mistresses of Domestic Diplomacy.

Many Wives' Experiences at the Matrimonial Helm.

Experiences multiply daily in this column that American women are the brightest, the best and the dearest in the world. No other proof is needed than is found in their recipes for husband-management. A matrimonial boom is certainly a result from their publication.

The contest is governed by the following:

CONDICTIONS.
 THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who shows her skill in the management of her husband. The plan may be continued in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to HUSBAND EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, FULTON BUILDING.

Stood the Test of Forty Years.

To the Editor:
 I have never undertaken to manage my husband, but have only tried to be a kind and faithful wife and mother, and keep a neat and cheerful home.

We have been blessed with eight sons. Some have been lost by death. The others, seeing the happiness of their parents married life, have taken unto themselves wives and are now in homes of their own.

We are left alone, but after forty years my husband loves his home as well as ever, and never cares to leave it after business hours, only when accompanied by his wife.

OLD LADY, Greenville, N. J.

True Womanliness Alone Needed.
 To the Editor:
 Conscientiously do your duty and earn his respect for you. Do not be too fastidious. Be a proper and an intelligent wife. It is the way of the husband's love with you. We are left alone, but after forty years my husband loves his home as well as ever, and never cares to leave it after business hours, only when accompanied by his wife.

Keep Petty Worries from Him.
 No one supposes that any two of the "lords of creation" can be managed in precisely the same manner. Still there is one rule to be applied to the majority of Beneditos, viz.: Not to endeavor to draw on their sympathies for those intangible griefs which to the woman nature are so real, to the masculine, so ridiculous.

Let him teach us to keep these troubles locked in our own bosoms. Learn from the "sex-receptor" just when John must be let alone, and we shall be quite advanced in the art of managing him. ONE WHO KNOWS.

Please the Husband's Eye.

To the Editor:
 A wife can generally "manage" her husband if she loves him, and shows that love. There are some husbands on whom affection is wasted; all such are beyond "managing," but, as a rule, love conquers when other methods fail.

The majority of married women do not try to please the eye of the husband as they did of the lover. This is a great mistake, and the wrong way to "manage" the husband. The difference to her husband is a blow to his happiness, when such a feeling exists love is surely on the wane.

She should make a study of his wishes and try to carry them out. She should be cheerful and loving, and let him know that she loves him. She should share with him in joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, and in all his life. If she does this he will know that his wife is his truest and best friend, and he will always go to her for help. THIS SHE "MANAGES" HIM.

MRS. A. L. W.

Simply Use Tact.

To the Editor:
 After marriage, study your husband's ways and never expect him to change his habits and tastes. He is what he is, and you must make him what you want. He is what he is, and you must make him what you want.

Always meet him with a smile and have the better cheerfulness and easy and his slippers and stockings laid ready. Let him spend what money he wants to, and never ask him to do anything he does not want to do. He always ready and willing to go out with him when he wants you to go.

Our home is the happiest in Brooklyn, at least we think so. BROOKLYN.

Be Wife, Not Servant.

To the Editor:
 Be tidy yourself. Have his home clean and comfortable, his meals punctual, his linen always clean and ready for him. Bring up his children to love and respect him, but give him to understand that you are his wife, not his servant.

Let him wait on himself, get his own slippers and his own paper. Let him wait on you. Let him see that you respect him, but don't let him think you think more of him than you do of yourself. Give him a good dinner and your love is his and your life is his. He will think a great deal more of you. MRS. G. W. B.

Prosperity a Cause of Death.

To the Editor:
 A post-mortem over the deceased Farmers' Alliance would disclose the cause of its death to general prosperity. For the most part, crazy schemes of new parties are born and flourish in hard times.

One More Chance for Pen.

To the Editor:
 If Harriet's utterly fails to kick up a war with a child, he has still a chance for marital peace. The Indians on the Tonquin River are getting hungry.

Revealed, but Not Discouraged.

To the Editor:
 The fact that the physicians have discovered the grip bacillus does not seem to have affected the activity of the disease. The bacillus is getting to his work just as if its existence had never been made public.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Boy with the Clock.

A boy about twelve years of age, having a package under his arm, boarded a Third Avenue car at Forty-second street and took the other side. There was just one vacant seat at the time, and that in the middle of the car. He dropped into it, but as he sat down there was a whir! which was strong out ten feet long, and then something struck eleven. Everybody at once realized that it was a clock that had been wrapped up in the newspaper. The boy looked scared as the thing went off, and he sat very quiet and kept a very firm grip on the clock to prevent a further racket. Not more than a minute had passed, however, when there was a whizzing and whirring and the hammer struck 15 o'clock on the bell.



"What's that noise!" demanded an old man who sat reading a paper at the end of the car.

The boy blushed as red as a rose and gasped for breath, and pretty soon the old man began reading again.

"Whizz—whizz—bang!" went the clock again, and though the boy hung on for dear life, it struck twenty-three o'clock before it stopped.

"Who's a fooling with that clock?" exclaimed the old man, as he stood up to look around.

"This boy is taking a clock down to be fixed, I suppose," replied a woman with a basket, who sat next to the lad.

"He is, eh? Well, he ought to know better than to get into a street-car with a jangling old clock to disturb folks. It's getting so that one can't ride!"

"Whizz—whoop—hurrah!" buzzed the clock, and then the hammer came down thirty-one times.

"I guess a person can have a clock repaired if they want to," remarked the woman with a snarl of her eyes.

"I don't say they can't," replied the old man, "but there ain't no use of lug-gin' it all over New York. Why didn't that boy walk?"

"That boy" was now turning white and red by turns, and would have given ten years of his life to be out on the sidewalk.

"I guess a boy has as much right to ride as a man," replied the woman; and as if to prove her statement the clock struck thirty-eight times.

"This is a nice state of affairs, I must say," shouted the old man as he folded up his paper. "The idea of a boy being allowed to bring an old clock in here to set everybody's nerves on edge!"

"It doesn't seem to affect anybody but you," said the woman, as she bestowed a glance of encouragement on the trembling boy.

"I don't care whether it does or not! I'm a lookin' at the principle of the thing. Suppose I should insist on bringin' a horse in here to eat and savin' away on it? How long?"

The clock now seemed to get it's back up, and the hammer fell forty-three times on the bell before stopping.

"Hoss-fiddies is different from clocks," replied the woman as the noise died away.

"Well, I'm neither a clock nor a hoss-fiddle," loudly continued the old man, "and I'll be there before you get off. If boys and clocks and hoss-fiddies and women have more rights than men on this line I'll take some other!"

He made for the door, and the clock went whizz to whizz and had got up to eleven times before he was off the step. The boy wanted to follow but the woman laid a hand on his arm and detained him, and when I dropped off at twenty-third street the clock had struck 22 times without a stop and was still pegging away in the most hilarious manner.

M. QUAD.

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The Starter Not in at the Finish.

To the Editor:
 A race-horse starter has just been engaged at a salary of \$25,000 per annum, but it is the man who can arrange a good finish who makes the fortunes.

One More Chance for Pen.

To the Editor:
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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Photograph Screens—Trimming for Close Coat—Sleeves—Heart-Shaped Gaiters—Bangs for Little Girls—The Value of Bonnet—Strings.

Photographs have become so large in themselves and so numerous that it is a problem how to show them to advantage. It is impossible to frame them all, for we do not care to see likenesses of every friend we possess perpetually on evidence. An excellent idea for disposing of them is a pretty little screen, in white painted wood, covered with boards, and fitted with rows of pockets. Into these pockets the photographs can be slipped in such a manner as to be still sufficiently visible, while from being placed at various angles they have a gracefully artistic air. Several of these screens are furnished with the rail for tea cups which ladies find so handy. Another idea is the Louis Seize frame; this is a very handsome-looking affair. The frame is painted either in hickory-green or turquoise-blue, and is adorned in the fashion of the period with festoons of gilded flowers. These festoons break up the stiff line of the cabinet frame, and are greatly liked. Frames covered with gold and silver every possible hue of brocade are in demand.



New York conservatories are crowded with young women, who spend the time learning the piano-key and jelling the notes of the scale, who will never become musicians. A term in a well-dressed-making establishment or cooking school at one-tenth of the expense would bring better returns.



About the meanest cut one rich woman can deal another rich woman is to say, "she belongs to the diamonds-in-daylight type."

The close coat sleeves which are now so fashionable are trimmed on the upper arm near the shoulder either with caps, puffs, braids, chevrons or gimp-edged yards, and silk-cord arabesques in net devices.

If of a matronly age wear your bonnet strings tied under the chin or to the left. Fasten piece velvet strings on either side of the bonnet pins up near the bonnet, or cross them under the chin and pin them together at the back.

No matter how they are arranged they seem intended to draw attention to the face. Perhaps, wrinkle concealer, as a woman shows age around her throat and down the sides of her neck first, and these merciful bonnet strings thus hide many blemishes.

New silver watches are heart-shaped. Tiny gold watches are hung from a golden bow-pin. Watches are put on in every thing, and often the quality is sacrificed in order to reduce the timepiece to a trifling size.

Little girls wear a straight, rather way bang, and the hair in Dutch fashion, curled in at the ends, rather than divided in separate curls.

Nightgowns now are trimmed with exceedingly deep lawn frills, whipped over at the edge with a colored thread, the idea of the trimming being borrowed from the Pierrot of the French stage, whose white blouse generally displays the same deep frills at the neck and down the front. Chemises are shaped to the figure, and made long enough for a petticoat, having a full at the edge. Much less underlinen is now worn than formerly.

The cook who puts a chop or a steak on a frying-pan deserves boycotting.

Hair dealers make the largest profits on fillets, agrettes and coronets. At swell gatherings in New York every woman has a head-dress. The matrons wear diamonds in the form of combs, flowers, tiaras, stars, crescents, arcs of half-crown or large rings run on long hairpins, bracelets holding a puff of coal and a necklace twisted about a Psyche knot or over a Pompadour roll are among the few contrivances to dazzle the multitude. Younger women are restricted to nover wreaths, fillets of gold tinsel and lace, twisted bands of ribbon and natural or dyed roses buds. All sorts of dainty bows and arrangements of velvet are worn on fully dressed heads, mounted on pins or wire bands. There is no very great difference in dressing the hair, except that fringes are fewer and much lighter than they were and some are cut in a point on the forehead. This suits some faces and must be quite feathery to look well.

"NANON."

It is not easy to get new comic operas nowadays. In fact, it seems to be an impossibility. Revivals are in order; a wholesale consultation of back numbers is a necessity; a frantic desire to sing the old songs haunts the waking moments of managers; a breathless anxiety to recall the forgotten past is in the air. "Genuine novelty" takes a back seat; Vive le chestnut!

"La Cigale" is several years old, but it has been dusted up and refurbished by Ivan Caryll. "The Lion-Tamer" was suggested by the moss-grown "Grand Casimir." The third grand comic opera in the city is "Nanon," presented about six years ago by the Casino and revived at that house this week. The Casino has selected one of the most charming operas of its repertoire for reproduction. "Nanon" is a little gem from beginning to end—neat, effective, romantic and well put together.

The revival suffers somewhat from a slightly disappointed-looking chorus, which drags itself upon the scene with without provocation. In the last act, which represents the sanctuary of Mme. de Maitenotte, the chorus appears in exactly the same tawdry clothes that were used in the preceding act in the salon of Maon de L'Enelos. This is a detail, however, and one which will probably be overlooked.

To little Marie Tempest is assigned the role created by Sadie Martinot. I was rather sorry to hear Miss Tempest indulge in a series of roulades that were totally unsuited to her voice. This tendency to fireworks seems to be a disease with comic opera singers. It is Lillian Russell's besetting sin, and she is Lillian Russell's besetting sin.

Miss Tempest seems to stick, aware apparently of her shortcomings, but under the impression probably that a few high notes always go whether they are right or wrong. Miss Tempest's work was otherwise charming. She is a delightful actress. She has no equal dramatically, on the English-speaking comic opera stage.

Miss Drew Donaldson, who plays Nanon de L'Enelos, is a stick-a-handsome one. Her voice, however, is by no means bad. But as she walks through her part she reminds one of a dressmaker's model displaying the perfection of certain gowns. Ferdinand Schultz sings admirably, and is certainly the most striking of the Casino's masculine forces. Stevens is funny, and in the song in the last act with the nuns, he makes a hit. Fred Solomon must be congratulated for his self-repression. I think when I saw "The Tyrolean" that I took back a great many of the severities I hurled at Solomon. I take them back again. Mr. Solomon knows how to be artistic. Mr. Figman has not, as yet, learned how to be amusing. He is as colorless as the wig he wears.

Two very charming waltz songs are introduced in this revival. In Act II. Miss Donaldson sings one by Strauss; in Act III. Miss Tempest sings one by Strauss; in Act III. Miss Tempest sings one by Strauss; in Act III. Miss Tempest sings one by Strauss.

The opera was "L'Africaine," and to Lassalle was entrusted the role of Neikos. His interpretation was a faultless one, and he received so many encores that the action of the opera was retarded. Lassalle evidently likes applause, or perhaps it would be better to say that he shows his pleasure at the effect he produces upon his audience. He is a big, strapping, muscular fellow, who overshadows his associates physically, as he very nearly does vocally and dramatically.

Mme. Nordica sang the role of Selika correctly, but coldly. She is lacking in the magnetism that contributes so largely to the success of operatic singers. Pettigiani was the fiercest, and a very pleasing one, so far as the simple themes of her role were concerned. When she attempted roulades she was less satisfactory. There are so few singers whose vocal flexibility is sufficient for pyrotechnic displays. The roulade is the great aim of the operatic singer, and frequently the stumbling block in the way of her success.

Mlle. Baummeister was colorless as Anna, and Edouard de Reszke passive, not to say lazy, as Don Pedro. There was a great deal of Edouard de Reszke, and in this opera he impressed his listeners as being not only physically but vocally bulky. This is undoubtedly due to his disqualification for exertion. M. Vinche sang well as the Grand Inquisitor, Mephisophiles in "Faust." It is the usual case of "much water under the mill."

The "much"; "Faust" would be the "more."

WORLDLINGS

The largest University in the world is that of Paris, with its 25,215 students. Vienna is next, with 6,720 students, and Berlin third, with 5,527. Harvard has about 2,000 students.

The Vatican, the ancient palace of the Roman Pope, is one of the most magnificent buildings in the world. It was occupied over 1,000 years ago by the Emperor Charlemagne, and no one knows who began the building of it.

The Atlantic Ocean is said to be higher than the Pacific by exactly 6 1/2 feet.

Colors have been made to produce sounds by being passed through a prism. Green and red lights produced the loudest noises and yellow the faintest. How loud the noises were is not stated, but doubtless they were very audible to people who can "hear the corn grow."

There are said to be 9,000 brand names in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Art is Advertising.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

A Man Pays \$200 for One Word of Legal Advice.

It is not often that a piece of legal advice costs \$200 a word, but yet this recently happened in this city, says the Indianapolis Journal.

Not long ago Morris Butler, son of John M. Butler, who had just arrived home from an evening party at 2 o'clock in the morning, heard a carriage drive up to the house, and a moment later answered a ring at the door-bell. A young man of handsome face and energetic manner burst out without ceremony:

"What States can consens legally marry in?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Butler, as soon as the further answer from the effects of his visitor's bluntness, "but I will ask father."

He went upstairs, and after much knocking aroused his father.

"Father," said he, "what State can consens legally marry in?"

Kannas, was the single word in response. Let us not sound so awfully like snoring.

Mr. Butler returned downstairs.

"Well, what does he say?" asked the visitor.

"Kannas," replied young Mr. Butler. "